

Tonight The Prom

"There's No Cure For Vanity"

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The cold caught every last imprint from your fingertips,
it lays hexes among the distance between our towns.
Our strength will measure what is left in us... cherish to
be cherished our last hit for the new year...

Your illusion was the choice we held off, while you're
lying in your bed. (You know they're killing you)

You fuss and you fuss and you fuss but still there's no
change. To rid this tension we'll have to go to great
lengths. If we part right now will you spare us from the
blame? Can you spare us from the blame?

Your illusion was the choice we held off, while you're
lying in your bed. (You know they're killing you)

While you lie in your bed... die blessed

Pick up your guns and drop your feelings, hold onto me
and you'll be alright.

Pick up your guns and drop your feelings

You lie, you lie in your bed

I never wanted you... I never wanted you to leave me

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